

WOODWIND

An Arts Paper

Washington, D.C.

25 c



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see pictorial centerfold

COVER PHOTO BY RICHARD BATCH

WOODWIND

Vol. 1, No. 7

The following people contributed to our seventh edition

Craig Watson, Sandie Johnson-Jones, Mary Lynn Klein, B. W. Smink, Mark Power, Charlene James, James Boyer, Stephen Allen Whealton, Ruth Stenstrom, Mary Reed, John Zambetti, Peter Barry Chowka, Grace Cavalieri, Steve McVea, Rene Gascou, Simon Schuchat, Richard Batch, David Watt, Marc Loewinger, Cheryl Keller, Carrol Bennett, Mickey, Naomi.

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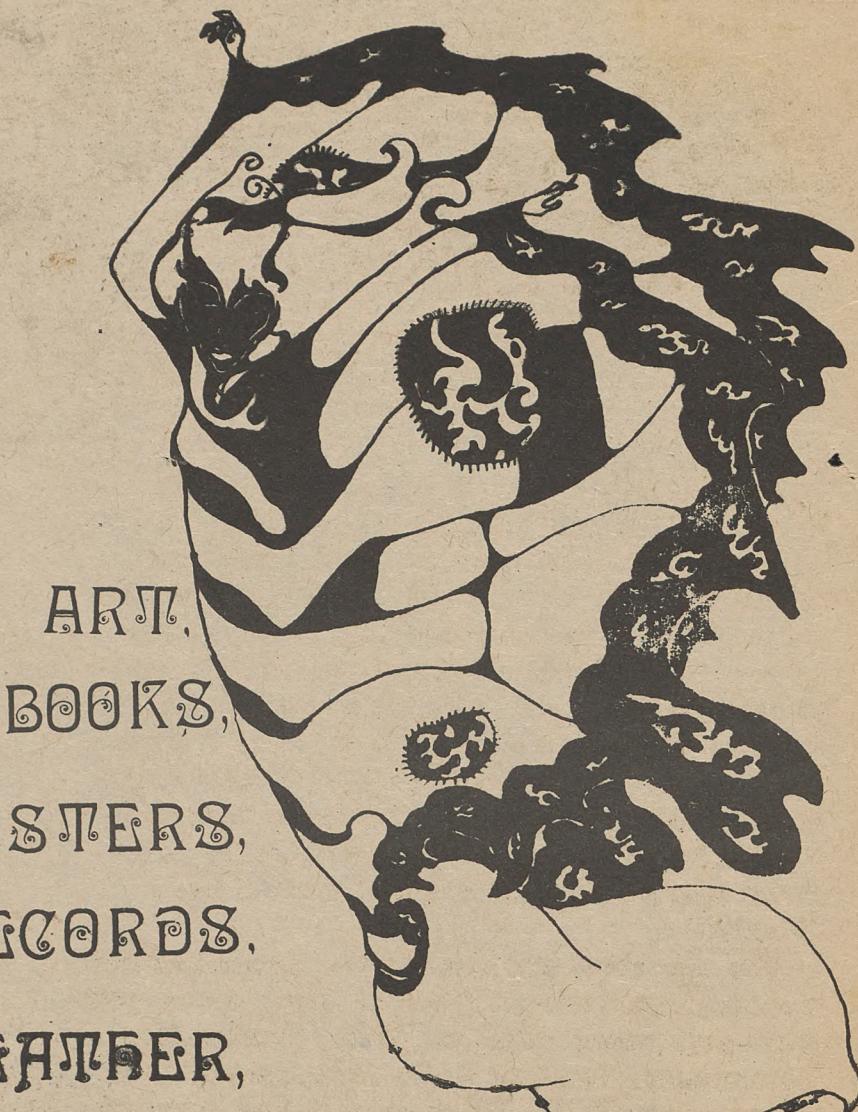
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a plea for communication & Action

3

When I left the staff of the Quicksilver Times in February, my avowed intention was to create a paper that would reflect the creative talent within the Washington area community, a paper that would cover the arts scene by publishing reviews and interviews, as well as original work. I had found many people who were interested in such a project, but could not work within the necessarily rigid context of a paper whose reason for being was to educate the people to radical, perhaps revolutionary politics, as Quicksilver does. I left Quicksilver not because I felt they were developing an unreasonable or unrealistic political attitude, but because I felt that those creative people I had had contact with were entitled to be heard, through a paper. At first I tried to work both papers at the same time, but I soon found myself involved in subtle conflicts-of-interests, and from that point on, I devoted myself to WoodWind.

For our first six issues, the paper has not veered from its intentions of being a non-political arts paper relevant to the Washington community. In some ways we have not done anywhere near the number of things planned, a condition created by the impermanence of an address, constantly shifting temporary offices, and an almost total lack of telephone communications. The paper was not set up as a collective, though I think most staff members don't feel any constrictions. The only criteria was that our contents in some way be related to the arts. That format will not change. But it is both suicidal and infantile to disregard everything that is happening around us. We have covered artistic events with political overtones without hesitation.

But taking a stand under the shield of artistic criticism is too close to silence. And we can no longer be silent. The times demand that everyone take a stand, and make his position known. To be silent or to pretend to be unaware is to commit a war crime. We are each and everyone of us participants in the crimes being committed by The United States of America---the wars against the people of Indochina and the Third World in general, the gradual extermination of the Black Panther Party, the suicidal destruction of our environment. It is all too easy to seize upon a particular issue, particularly if it is relevant to one's socio-economic background. Middle-class whites seize upon ecology as a major issue, shifting the focus from the reality of oppressed minorities to the future probability of an oppressed humanity. While our brothers and sisters are being killed by the

increased polarization of left and right, too many of us lose ourselves in the dramatic but less important battles that are also raging around and within us. All the battles are valid, but they are too often waged by splinter groups, making effective coalitions for power impossible. But the greatest crime is not the untogetherness of these various movements. It is the partial silence of everyone both within and outside the movements. It is no longer morally possible to be silent.

That does not mean that everything should be dropped as the American people pursue their individual ideals. Rather, what is needed is a re-affirmation of our beliefs in individual freedom, which sadly reflects itself as "Freedom from" rather than "Freedom to"; freedom from hunger, freedom from political persecution, freedom from hatred, freedom from violence. Violence that becomes more and more an everyday reality, violence that we have begun to accept as the inevitable consequence of the violent ethics of our government. The Panthers and now the students have observed government reaction to every crisis it has been confronted with--violence and the enlarging of the military-industrial complex. Violence has become the latest and most realistic viable alternative. We are still years away from the possibility of a large scale armed conflict, but we are not so far away from the possibility of a wave of terror from both sides.

One answer must be communication, education and action. We must become totally involved in as much of the spectrum of necessary changes as we possibly can. For those unwilling to accept the reality of violent confrontation, there is still the moderate journey through legislative mazes and political organizing. We cannot recommend correct paths or directions, for each individual must make his choice. But we repeat, to be silent is to be guilty of endangering and perhaps destroying our own people.

Therefore, while WoodWind continues to leave political education to better qualified papers, our format will now be open a little bit more than to the narrow confinements of "art". That will still be the emphasis of the paper. But we are also planning to begin coverage of education and alternative systems. We do not feel that this is a rebuttal of the original intentions of the paper. It only reflects a slight step forward in the responsibility of WoodWind to the greater community of man. Individual responsibility, particularly that of our readers, must perhaps be developed even further.

Richard
Harrington,
editor

Covering the Cat

Punishing you for your needs
Is as little good
As little, as good
As covering up a cat

Or dressing it in veils

Or standing on stones when you are old
By Winter's branch
Forgiving barenness

As little possible as falling up

Silly as breaking the apple cake
Because it lacks pie sugar

As good as scolding tears
From soft sailors for waters
Gone to oceans

Is as little good as picking up
What disappears when touched
By hands

As little, as good
As collecting all the trees around you
Saying I speak of orchards.

Sacraments of Blood On Snow

The ship was wrecked
History tells us
Moanings still are found
Hear Me I Am Blind
See Me, Deaf, I Speak
Weakened and lacking
Love or Knowing
Their far reaching prospects
Prospects froze

White wind turns white
A feather in the eyes
A conclusion we dare
Not seek

A lesson from God

No matter who we love
It is just over and over
Not better than
Unless the cold is
Outlasted
Even by the dead

In the snowbank
There is a candle
Frost glows behind
The hand
On and off
Alyet Alternate
Warmth rids us
Of choices

Steady the melting
Pulse which glows
Beats final the cold
Fire
Coomingles
Deters the sentence
Consecrates the wish
Commutes
The cold.

Grace Cavalieri

ZOO

Captivity

Black and white, herringbone with buttons
Beige wool, white, velvet
And violet, quilted skirt, silk
Pants, paisley prints
Plum and green
Grape and grey
Scarves, beads and black beret
I look at these and wonder
Who I am who breaks and spills
From them like a nomad
Glorifying freedoms
Getting past sentries
Unsure as a new poem
Accustomed to providence and
Comeliness, their mortgages,
I use both hands
Toward adequate escape.

The sorrow, the pain
The rats are biting
Children's flesh
Pulled from bone
Hunger called
Acceptable
Vermin crawl sideways
Across our plains
Into cloud
Their movement is named
Rational
Sewerage overflows
Floats us down to dump
On oil, rag and foam
Our cries called
Artificial
Magic disappears
God
O God of the pale blue eyes
It's time to come inside
See the impact made
On our survival.



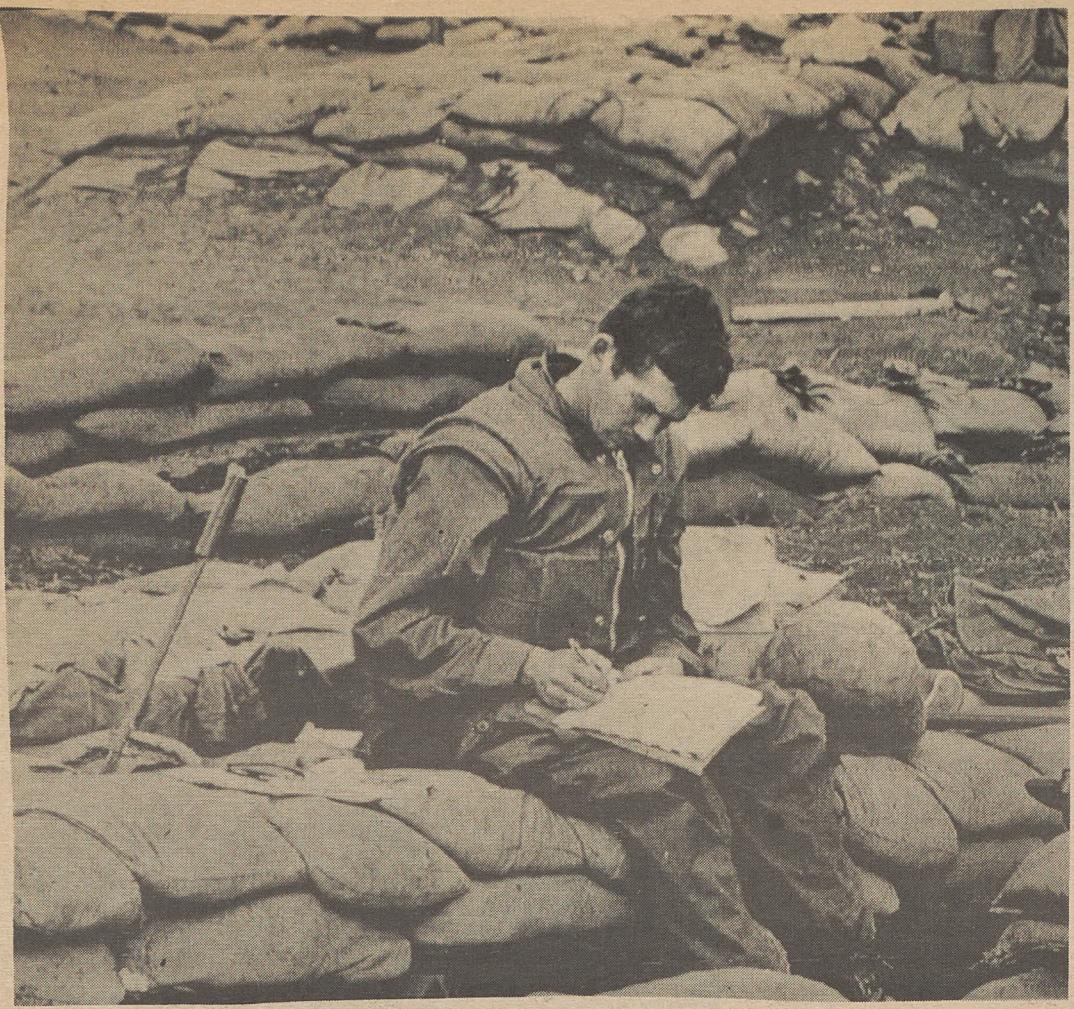
For Just You, Who Knows My Name

Listen
When they wish us to mourn
Their dead mothers
(Mothers always die)
Concentrate on July
fields
small blue flowers
large hot sun
Starting inside
Deeper than stomach blood
feel its heat
Name yourself
July
say it to them
I am this
Hot b lue like God
Inside me between the
pages of dark
That brightest turning
Don't be generous with your
dead
UnJuly people
My love is not a rash for
Tuesdays or
A faint discharge
Not a bomb searching out
The fragment
In timed disclosures
My love is like God in July.

The Secret's In the Sauce

To the children who cry and
Are not comforted
To the taster who cannot swallow
To those
Attracting what we hate
To the children who are not
Comforted
People running vaulting skipping
Those pogo sticks
Who fail as persons
Who do not comfort
The futility in what
You cannot have, your
Desire, that meeting, a lover
You crave for the first time
The hunting game
Where all are prey
The children who are
Not comforted
To the old age which shows
On my wrists in wrinkles
From waving goodbye goodbye
I love you please
Don't cry goodbye waving
Waving waving waving.

NAM POEMS



Saigon Tea

Disuniting from the raven, straight hair, lying perspiring, naked on the scarlet, faded bed-spread
 Unwilling that the interminable, laborious world down a flight of marrow stairs will enire you with tightening carresses to suffocation in the fine choking dust of a compound
 Til tomorrow and next week and the days of the rains that come to wash the airless space and leave the blue-orange-pink rainbow arching heaven.



Evening at Binh-Chanh

A breeze and storm clouds from the South China Sea warn of the coming rain.
 Lightning streaks are shafted across the sky (celestial ones casting taunts before a mighty battle)
 And ripples ominously ride the dark waters under the abandoned bridge of Binh-Chanh.

The static burping of machine gun bullets in the distance.
 Fagged and dirty, a squad of infantry returned from ambush reoccupy bunkers
 That soon secrete the bitter smell of weed.
 We are skidding into the night of a fearful, nightmarish sleep.

James Boyer

Viet Nam Pastoral

Horizon hazy in summer heat,
 Land isolated, lost-land to Evolution;
 Ancestral land, feudalisms abounding,
 Nation plagued by conquerers, unconquered
 For the copious blood of the sons, spilled---
 Blood at the trigger-pull of brothers
 Incited to die by death-call of dictators.
 Nation of destiny spun by a moon-spirit,
 Yet incestuously visits sister-sun,
 Presses her hot face to the cooling paddies;
 Language musical, mimiced by Americans,
 Mindless mockers of the South and Boston.
 Poetry clothed in flooded paddies, tilled
 By mythic, languid beasts and wooden plow
 In ancient furrows, bounded by dikes
 Built of dirt-clods, dissolved by beating rain;
 Seeds sowed while the sun is torrential
 In its streaming by a peasantess in the fields
 Alone from the morning's dawning, and refugee
 From noon-heat, weary under the thatched awning
 Of a manger, seated on a worn mat.
 Parts of lines to an ancient poem,
 Pieces remaining, pages burned and yellowed,
 Living epic and pastoral poem,
 O precious, blood-saturated soil.

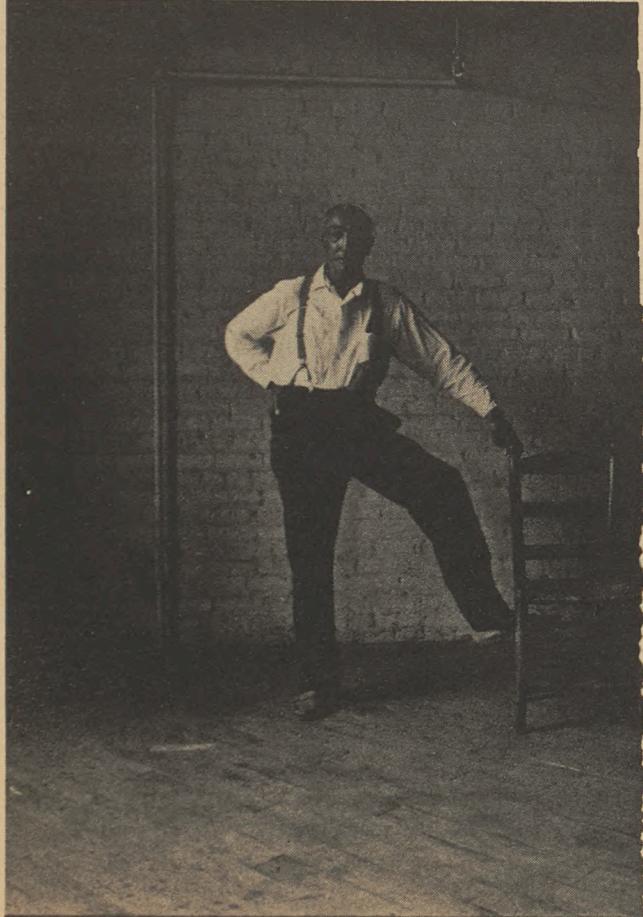


HEARSE

THREE

PHOTOS BY MARK POWER
ON EXHIBITION NOW
AT THE CORCORAN WORKSHOP
21st & P Street, NW

6 JUNE 1968



JANITOR

Human beings create what they call "Art" for a variety of reasons and purposes. Some want to communicate. Some want to experiment or achieve for the sake of experiment or achievement. Some want to be known and treated as artists. Some search for truth, enlightenment, or predictions of the future. Some have reasons which I cannot predict and could not understand. In most artistic endeavors, however, there are things which always hold true. Two of the most important considerations are the human eye and the human ear. These two organs take in a majority of artistic output. The importance of the touch senses, of smell, and of taste--all together, is relatively quite small compared to either sight or hearing.

For whatever reasons an artist designs or creates his art works, he must think about human sight and about human hearing. Unless his work is meant to remain in his own mind, an artist must consider how it can be perceived. If he makes it, observes it, and destroys it, (to take an absurdly extreme case) he has nevertheless used his own eyes or ears upon it. Naturally, artists are more concerned with what happens to an art-work after eye and/or ear have taken it in and transferred it to brain and from there onward. All artistic roads lead through the eye and ear, nevertheless.

It seems to me that both the eye and the ear perceive in five different basic ways each. Physiology and physics might suggest other sets of ways, but from a practical artist's working point of view, I have found these two fives very helpful to my photography and other graphic arts, as well as to my music.

EYE:

- I. direction. This refers to where the light is coming from.
- II. shape. This refers to the pattern that the light makes on your retina - the "shape" you see.
- III. color. This refers to the combination of frequencies of light waves that you can see. It is straightforward: blue, brown, gray, red, etc.
- IV. brightness. This refers to the strength of the light waves that you see. It is simply the power of the light source: bright, dim, etc.
- V. time. This refers to the presence of light in time. It is simply the rhythm (if any) of the light source: strobe lights, lighted fountains being obvious examples of artistic light sources which have a clear time relation.

EAR

- A. direction. This refers to where the sound is coming from.
- B. tone-color. This refers to the kind of sound heard: oboe, guitar, clarinet, your voice, my voice, etc. This is also called timbre.
- C. pitch. This refers to how high or how low a note is. It depends upon the frequencies of sound waves that you hear: C[#], B^b, etc.
- D. loudness. This refers to the strength of the sound waves that you hear. It is the power of the sound source: loud, soft, etc.
- E. time. This refers to the presence of sound in time. It is the duration and rhythm of the sound source: musical beat, tempo, etc. (In music, both rhythm and form come here.)

HOW WE TAKE IN ART

64:

Stephen Allen Wealth

HOW WE TAKE IN ART

It is easy to see that both I and A are related; as well as II and B, III and C, IV and D, and V and E. The relationship is physically and physiologically clear in all cases except II-and-B. The shape of a seen object and the tone-color of a heard sound are not, scientifically speaking, true analogues. To me as an artist, however, they are physchologically and artistically similar in the works I see, hear, and create.

Keeping this pair of fives in mind can be a very enjoyable and useful exercise. At a place of indecision or inertia or bogging down in the planning or execution of an artistic work, I often run over the list in my head. Usually it does not give me an answer, but sometimes it does. It cannot usually help one to plan the kind of artistic work which has content or words, for example. This article I am now writing is a good example of a more-or-less artistic endeavor in which the application of my pair of fives is relatively useless. If I were laying out the finished article for publication, however, I might consider the shape of the words and sentences upon the page. (Probably I would know enough to consider the overall shape without consulting my pair of fives lists, but I might not.)

In non-verbal arts, an occasional systematic self-reminding approach to one's

work can be a helpful prodding device. I am not a particularly systematic worker, and I do not pre-plan or theorize. Thinking about the capabilities of the human eyes and ears which will be ingesting my artistic works has helped me to keep my works balanced in ways that I want them balanced. When I make a film, I often concentrate upon color or shape, suddenly to find that rhythm has become uninteresting or intrusive or something else I don't want. When I make a musical plan, I often find myself in an unidentifiable bind--with something wrong and I don't know what. Often my checklist will bail me out.

Often, also, I make liberal use of my check-list in planning an abstract photograph or a piece of co-ordinated multi-media environment art. Having a small and easily memorized list in my mind has made the problem of balance in the execution of my artistic ideas much easier. I have also realized that I wish to put some emphasis of my own work in some of the categories of consideration which have been relatively much neglected. In music, an example would be directionality. Stereo sound and some of the multi-track engineering procedures which various recent electronic and popular discs have utilized are beginning to break into this category, but I feel I want to do more. The concept of time and rhythm in visual artistic media is also relatively rare. Paintings and sculptures, after all, have virtually no existence in a time sense at all--they just sit there and neither move nor change.

I hope that these ideas about your eyes and ears have made you think. It might be interesting to analyze pieces of music, painting, cinema, etc., in terms of my pair of fives. I recommend that you do it in small doses, and do not take it too seriously. Emotion and intuition are still more important than this.

CINEMA

WHERE WERE YOU THEN?

WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

by Charlene James

Aram Avakian has received mixed reviews of his film "End of the Road". True, his technique is not conventional, the mood changes constantly from a surrealistic interpretation of catatonia, to a rather absurd staging of a funny farm, to the realistic footage of a backyard chess game. Understandably, he has been accused of using unwarranted artistic license on John Barth's novel and of playing up contemporary themes of violence, gun handling and shocking sexual rarities.

Let's set aside this literal criticism and see what Avakian has done in his mysteriously effective blending of elements. With the highest degree of technical competence he has interjected the photo montage into a film. His feel for editing provides an unbroken continuity of implausible scenes. His use of surprise demands audience interest throughout the film.

Stacy Keach, "The Graduate" grown older, wiser and more alienated, is powerful. Through the montage of actual photos of Keach as he grew, Avakian juxtaposes personal and international history. The world of wars and the boy (Keach) with guns strikes home for anyone who ever asked: "Where do I fit--blow me to bits--what about me--hang me by my ankles--shoot daddy, bang, bang--slaughter me by the millions--let me be in the action but never involved".

Jacob (Jack) Horner, appropriately named, nimbly circumvents every occasion of confrontation with reality and retreats into a state of suspension. Keach deftly goes into seizures, recoils at violence, and still functions. He maintains a professional attitude as a straw-haired student rolls her joint and a gold-glassed Finkle challenges grammar.

James Earl Jones as the loony doctor-protagonist-baboon, lets the insane do their own thing. Through what appears to be near improvisational acting he passes wry comments on optimism in our age. "Nothing is hopeless", he claims, only to disclaim it by the actions of his inmates. To cure Jacob he prescribes, "Before you deal with truth, you must have the facts". How to begin? An almanac, of course. Next, a job, the mythotherapy for every one is a hero in his own life story. Eventually with the doctor's therapy, Jacob too will learn to enjoy the atrocities of existence.

"End of the Road" conveys a feeling of fatalism and acceptance of the dead end. It explores doom generated by the individuals conflict with society. It parallels "Elvira Madigan" but in a story form which makes Jacob's predicament sensible. Horner is possessed and forced into a decision by Big Scout Boy #1 and Rene. They allow him no choices. Through his own forgetfulness he is shocked back to a reality he has effectively rejected and must accept the guilt for Rene's end.

Although there is no question that the quality of the performances is flawless, this remains another director's movie. It is startling to hear sweet Billie Holiday in her loneliness, see green and yellow American flags, witness Shakespearean lines as they accompany any a masturbation rite and accept children reciting the "I Pledge" over gun displays.

Avakian knows the proper use of horrors. Yet, he has splattered the film with lyric visual events. It is seeing Keach rush down a flight of stairs, noticing a Maryland sunset and observing the motion in a high speed train against a blocked and revealed frozen figure. These are supported by the non-dialogue created by McGuire and Southern which makes statements in its silences. The blend is cinematographically successful, melding colors, events and beings.

AT THE JANUS

WEyouMEyouUS
alone happiness making
Coming, in the realization
that unity is two-people
all-one
alone happiness making

Eric Rohmer's *MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S* (MA NUIT CHEZ MAUD) is a beautifully constructed, beautifully played serious film. It concerns an engineer, Jean-Louis (Trintignant) who has reached the age of 34 as a self-sufficient, morally troubled Catholic, of the common French "intellectual" Catholicism. At the start of the film, he decides that he is going to marry a girl whom he has only seen in church at mass. But in the meantime, an old schoolmate introduces him to Maud, the beguiling and religiously skeptical divorcee. The engineer stays with her one night, engaging both Maud and her companion in Pascalian dialogue so dear to the French intellectual cinema. The intelligent level of the dialogue throughout the film is a welcome relief from the basic guttural exchanges that punctuate too many films today. In fact, this film is one of the most mature in recent years.

The conflicts for Jean-Louis are that he is a devout, practising Catholic who believes that he will find the one girl who will be an intellectual and moral companion to him. At the same time, he is very human, not at all self-righteous or outwardly moralistic. In his conversations he admits his faults and weaknesses, in an honest, not a self-deprecating way. His relationship with Maud becomes both a challenge and a clarification of his objectives, for he does find the right girl, though there turns out to be an ironic development in that relationship, too.

The acting is excellent, particularly by Trintignant and Francoise Fabian (Maud). Rohmer's straightforward camera work at times gives the impression of improvisation. His choices of cutting or shifting angles allows the viewer to develop a gentle intimacy with the characters, for often the camera is fixed upon the listener in a conversation, and our reaction to the dialogue can be juxtaposed. This is such a fine, intelligent film that I recommend it as one of the best I have seen in recent months.

AT THE NEW OUTER CIRCLE THEATERS

"MORE" could have been a very valid film. But somewhere along the line, it missed whatever it had intended to relate to, and instead became a punchless tract against the evils of heroin. The film follows a young German to Paris, where he meets an American girl, and though he is warned to stay away from her, he persists in falling in love with her. (At least that is what we are supposed to believe. At no point in the film did I detect a reason for or a show of this supposed love.) Anyways, these two young people go to the island of Ibiza, where he eventually discovers that she is involved with heroin. Soon, he starts shooting up, gets hooked, and eventually dies of an overdose. That is the story line and unfortunately it reveals the lack of depth within the film. An understanding of the major characters is almost totally non-existent. We never really know about these people, and since the film is trying to examine the problem of heroin usage, it is important that we do know something besides "the facts". All we can do after seeing the film is accept, we are given no help in understanding.

What we do get is a little bit of the potential characters of the two protagonists. The German is selfish, sadistic, not very understanding, unreasonably quick to react; why we are never told. The American girl is masochistic, terribly unhappy and bored, and leads a pointless existence. Again, the "whys" are noticeably absent. I think perhaps this is the biggest failing of "MORE". It explains nothing, when in truth, explanations would be much more relevant than the straight story. It only points up that we are still a long way from seeing a good fictional film dealing with heroin.

AT THE CERBERUS



Eric Rohmer's *MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S*
A Pathé Contemporary Films Release

POEMS BY
RUTH STENSTROM 1970

Howsingwe
sheltered
in life's loving womb
awaiting birth.

A FILMED MASTERWORK

In a sense, D. H. Lawrence helped to uncover our basic repressed sexuality decades before it became fashionable. His awareness was less a psychological conclusion than a straightforward reaction. He himself wrote: "The great disaster of our civilization is the morbid hatred of sex. What, for example, could show a more poisoned hatred than Freudian psycho-analysis? which carries with it a morbid fear of beauty, 'alive' beauty, and which causes the atrophy of our intuitive faculty and our intuitive self." And later: "Now sex and beauty are one thing, like flame and fire. If you hate sex you hate beauty. If you love living beauty, you have a reverence for sex."

As one can see, Lawrence presupposed the intellectual aesthetic of modern sexuality. His approach was one of intelligence, rather than permissiveness. Many people consider "WOMEN IN LOVE" to be his greatest novel because it so well captured the conflicts and problems of British sexuality. Admittedly, Lawrence's sexuality was middle-class and therefore not truly indicative of the entire British sexual spectrum. Still, it was as good a point of observation as any, and seldom had the observation been so deep. The novel was at once a tract and a statement by the anguished Lawrence, who wrote, concerning his novel: "We are now in a period of crisis. Everyman who is acutely alive is acutely wrestling with his own soul. The people that can bring forth the new passion, the new idea, this people will endure. Those others that fix themselves in the old idea, will perish with the new life strangling unborn within them. Men must speak out to one another."

The film version of "WOMEN IN LOVE" necessarily lacks the depth of Lawrence's insights, but remains a superb and intelligent film. The story traces the developing relationships between the Brangwen sisters, Gudrun and Ursula, and their two lovers, Rupert and Gerald. These relationships are complex and never fully resolved. Rupert is closest to the Lawrence ideal, refusing to believe in one-directional, channeled love. This is best pointed up in his relationship with Gerald. Rupert is the intellectual, the dreamer, the rebel. Gerald is the realist, the businessman. In some ways they are like brothers, but Gerald's repressed sexuality forbids his admitting or opening himself to Rupert's obviously honest and pure love-friendship. After the death of Gerald's sister, he and Rupert expend their hostile energies in a nude wrestling match that brings them ever so close together. But when Rupert suggests that "we should strive to be mentally, spiritually and physically intimate", he is coolly rebuffed by Gerald.

Thus, on the one hand, we find a fear of homosexuality. On the other hand we discover a shifting sexuality between the couples. It is interesting to note that when both couples make love for the first time, the lovemaking is a reaction, secondary at that--- a getting away from certain horrible realities (Rupert and Ursula make love after Gerald's sister dies, and Gerald and Gudrun after the death of Gerald's father.) And all along, we are made aware of the conflicts of the women, who are conversely sexual to their partners. The better matchup would have been Gudrun and Rupert, both openly sexual and neither puritanically restrictive. But that is neither the way of fate nor of Lawrence, and we watch helplessly as the story moves to its inevitable tragic climax.

Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson and Jennie Linden---these are the four major reasons for the success of the film. All four perform in the most realistic, stunning and impassioned way. For two hours, one is a part of Lawrence's day, as these people exist for us not as actors, but as characters. Rarely has a film included such stellar performances from all its major characters.



"WOMEN IN LOVE"
AT THE AVALON

Technically, the film is shot in diffused colors (Reminiscent of "TOM JONES"). The camera work of Billy Williams is consistently fine. There are several sequences that particularly stand-out. In one, Alan Bates (Rupert) has just been struck in the head by a irate former lover, and instead of reacting against her, he dashes from her home, and gradually discarding his clothes, runs into the fields and woods, finding in nature his source of revival. Dowsing his body with dew from the leaves, Rupert then cleans himself with wheat stalks, finally slumping exhausted to the ground. The sequence is perhaps the best translation of a physical act from Lawrence.

Close to it in quality is a sequence involving Gudrun, and her encounter with a herd of horned cattle. Silently, Gudrun dances a dance of seductiveness, motions that gradually become more violent and frenzied, until the herd is disoriented and scurries away. That reaction is indicative of things to come.

Director Ken Russell has fashioned a superb film, both engrossing and admirable in its respect for Lawrence. The film is made doubly attractive in that it does not pander to an increasingly unresponsive and undemanding audience. It is a film to be respected, as well as enjoyed.

Finally some more words from Lawrence, written in relation to the printed word, but applicable to visual things also: "The words that shock so much at first don't shock after a while. Is this because the mind is depraved by habit? Not a bit. It is that the words merely shocked the eye, they never shocked the mind at all. People without minds may go on being shocked, but they don't matter. People with minds realize that they aren't shocked and never really were; and they experience a sense of relief... I want men and women to be able to think sex, fully, completely, honestly and cleanly... Years of honest thoughts of sex and years of struggling actions in sex will bring us at last where we want to get, to our real and accomplished chastity, our completeness, when our sexual act and our sexual thought are in harmony, and the one does not interfere with the other... Balance up the consciousness of the act, and the act itself. Get the two in harmony. It means having a proper reverence for sex, and a proper awe of the body's strange experience. It means being able to use so-called obscene words, because they are a natural part of the mind's consciousness of the body. Obscenity only comes in when the mind despises and fears the body, and the body hates and resists the mind."

10° PLAY AND WORD PLAY

Can this marriage be...

Approaching their 25th wedding anniversary, Alice and Edgar are utterly honest, bitter and accustomed to each other's weaknesses, as well as to the power they have to hurt each other. Yet this common-place theme of incompatible love-hate at the turn of the century is made into a theatrically entertaining and witty evening in *DANCE OF DEATH* at Arena Stage.

The major attraction of this production is the opportunity to see the work of two established artists --- Rip Torn and Viveca Lindfors, as the captain and his wife; and the playgoer is by no means disappointed with their marvelous characterizations as they match wits and wits in a cycle of betrayal and reconciliation.

The captain has a bad heart condition, and his well-executed falls into lapses of unconsciousness (sometimes at 90% angles) are threatening signs of his demise. He had had a hard life and has become cantankerous, an unlikable man who has made a policy of excluding himself from "scum" society. Both he and his wife, Alice, have visible contempt for each other and yet, through the circumstances of life (and perhaps love), they have stayed together. An outsider, Curt (played by Mitchell Ryan), who becomes the victim of their audacious conspiracies, observes of Edgar that he would say "I am, therefore God exists." Rip Torn portrays the Captain with gusty humor and strength. He explains to Curt quite candidly that he pushed his wife of the pier "because it was the natural thing to do at the time."

His counterpart, Viveca Lindfors as Alice, is equally domineering and calculating. With earthy sophistication, she flows across the stage, gestures with her hand to her face and expresses feeling with a tilt of her head. With her svelte look, she boldly smokes a cigar -- attacks with vicious words and insinuations -- laughs huskily -- and seduces with her voice and a glance. She has tremendous presence and conveys a very strong character.

DANCE OF DEATH, like many plays by August Strindberg, was derived from his own life experience and conflicts. Frustrated by

the fact that his mother favored his brother, and married unsuccessfully three times (once to an actress -- as Alice was once an actress), Strindberg has been known as a misogenist. Hence much of his powerful dialogue has been directed against the domineering qualities in women. Yet while many of his plays blame the breakdown of a relationship on the woman, in *DANCE OF DEATH*, the blame is spread equally. The two just miss the consequences of their treachery in the first part of the play and in the midst of mutual defeat, they make up.

However, within the third act, Strindberg introduces the Captain as the antagonist, who, finding out that he has a very short time to live, takes a new vengeance on his wife. She in turn is inspired to take her own action. While neither is successful in hurting each other, the Captain seems to be the more contemptible of the two as his schemes have repercussions on the lives of others as well. Yet the poetic justice of his fatal attack is contrasted by his wife's bitter, violent reaction --- and we are left with mixed emotions toward both.

This act is very weak for several reasons, which generally are the result of the written play. In the act, two new characters and a new plot are introduced. The new characters are Curt's son, Allan (well played by Robert Walden) and Alice's daughter, Judith. (Originally, this act was written as a separate play meant to be performed the same evening as the first). Too much happens in the play without time for the characters to realize the motivations for their actions and to make the circumstances believable. For example, Judith (played by Julie Garfield), is her "father's" daughter --- strong-willed, selfish and inconsiderate of the feelings of others. Yet suddenly after a brief interview with her mother, whom we are told earlier she does not respect, she suddenly changes her attitude and becomes more feminine.

Within the context of the play, it was without justification either in the dialogue or in the action of the characters.

While Mitchell Ryan (Curt, Alice's would-be lover) was generally good in the first two acts (except for an absurd Strindbergian interlude in which he stoically kisses Alice's foot), his characterization became ambiguous in the third act, when he dramatically learns of the loss of his social status due to Edgar's manipulations. With a lack of good direction at the end, he is relegated to the position of a stick figure while Alice is lamenting the death of her husband. (This particular sequence is especially ruined by the dramatic, but unjustified and disturbing use of a revolving stage --- which also detracted from the impact of the play in other sequences.)

The Arena play has been freely adapted from the original by Paul Avila Mayer and is directed by Alfred Ryder.

Ruth Stenstrom



"as we go, we leave behind/ footprints in the snows of time"

FULL TURN AROUND THE CIRCLE

by Charlene James

In contrast to a great deal of today's theater with its heavy tone, self-evaluating, probing presentations, Frank Johns' production of *LA RONDE* is sheer joy. The Theatre Lobby performance takes the turn of the century, Arthur Schnitzler play describing Vienna's love-go-rounds and peppers it with underwear. As audience you have no choice; you merely move and groove through the stylized events.

The play, which runs through May 16, deals with sex and domination in love matches, carrying on of the pair into the next scene and a new entanglement. At first one would think that the play will be closed by NOW or another Women's Lib group. Through the first few scenes women are brutally burned. The ardent male lovers hold supremacy. Then, lechery loses out as the noises of affairs subside and women take the upper hand. Finally, "egosex" has no sex; he, she, who wins at the game doesn't really matter, you are enjoying the action far too much to be concerned.

The cast turns in an energetic performance. Penny Hays Clarke's rubberized face and near melodrama gestures enthralls the audience with quick asides and constant grimaces. Denny Meyers, as her adept, intellectual husband, who has "calculated" the perfect marriage, presents a total characterization. Martha (Shirley Temple) Gibson in the simplicity of her naive nymphomania puts you and the dirty old man on with her funny little voice. William McClary, trying so hard at seduction, rushes and pinches you into laughter.

Episode after episode, you are confronted with the life of Vienna then and perhaps portions of life now. Perhaps it is no more than a series of short encounters ending always with the thought, "and now my dear what do we say". Regardless of any profound philosophical meaning implied by Schnitzler, the production takes off, teasing you into reaching for the brass ring.

NOW AND THEN

The cause
Or the result.
My thoughts now harbor
Reconciliation,
A working out.
My words,
Independent travelers,
Their face a different sheen,
Seek
Something else.

It is their
Commonness that frightens
Used before
Before some break-up,
Crack-up,
Falling-out,
They ring
With tinny cheapness
In my ears. Like
Rusted cans kicked
Along a roadway.

What is
Needed
Is their truancy. Yet
Then
My thoughts emerge
In a continual shifting
From bricks to asphalt,
From oil to acrylics ---
The former of which,
Although described,
Can never be effaced. The cause
Or the result.

René Gasco

i saw lonesome feet
walking along, leaving bold
smudges as footprints

the feet, encased
in all manner of footwear
shouldn't have been
wet/cold/wrinkled
somehow, those quiet feet
bore scars of
marching servitude
from tramping alongside a
river with dreams
the booted feet
the legs wrapped in jeans, could
have been other
feet, loping out
of moscow, wandering
through finland
hobbling ancient snows
cursing the same cold.

Simon Schuchat

if this orange
and

if this orange
and the orange in valencia
(beside the mandolin and spanish guitar)
are brothers
or cousins
or even spring of the same root:
and if the artist can bring this
orange
to the mind when confronting us
with clowns, or incense, or dancing girls
in silken tights
and flying men
beneath steamy lights
perhaps then
jugglers
and cannibals
will cry with clowns.

Simon Schuchat

AN INTERVIEW AT THE CELLAR DOOR
BY JOHN ZAMBETTI(JZ), WITH PETER
BARRY CHOWKA(PBC)

JZ: I heard that last summer Elektra had something together where you went to someone's house. I think it was Jack Holtzman's house, and there were a bunch of writers and people who lived there for a while. Apparently, some of the songs from your Columbia album came from this get together. I was never too clear as to what actually happened there.

TOM: It didn't happen. Jack has a writer's camp in California someplace, but I've never been there.

JZ: How did you get the songs from Jackson Browne and Maury McLoughlin?

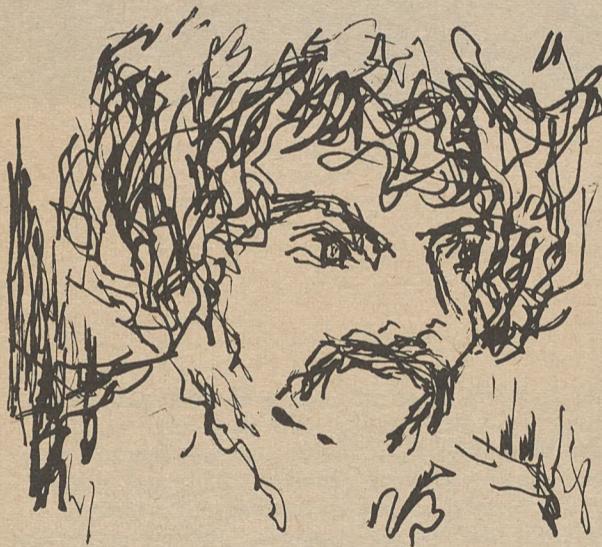
TOM: I met them in travelling around and such. James Taylor I met because I was looking for songs and someone said "there's this kid..."; so I got together with him and his songs and I recorded two of them. Jackson, I met on the West Coast, and Joni Mitchell I met in Detroit.

JZ: I wanted to ask you about Joni Mitchell. You have been doing her songs since long before anyone else knew of her. In fact, the first I ever knew of her was thru your version of "Urge for Going". I was wondering how you came to know her?

TOM: I was doing a gig in Detroit at a place called the Chessmate. She played there at the time, occasionally, while she was living in Detroit. She came in and did a guest set and I was really knocked out by her stuff. I started doing three of her tunes and tried to get other people interested in her.

JZ: What about the change in record labels?

TOM: That was purely a business thing. My contract with Elektra was up and my managers shopped around among the companies to see who they thought could do the best job. Elektra wanted to keep me, but they didn't make as good an offer as Columbia. Also, I was really after Columbia's distribution and promotion set-up, it's just incredible.



JZ: On the Columbia album, there is a lot of orchestration. "Driving Wheel" has a lot of instruments in it. When you play live, you don't even have percussion. Would you like to make a live album with this sound or do you prefer the album sound you have now?

TOM: In between. I'm going to add a keyboard and a drummer to the group in the near future and then I would like to perform with that group. Still, in the studio, you can do anything. You can get in strings, horns, pedal steel, access to the best musicians in the world. All the heavies play studio dates. If you wanted you could probably get Miles Davis in to play trumpet, because he probably does session work in between being on the road.

JZ: I caught you with the Band at Madison Square Garden over Christmas. In a small club, like the Cellar Door, it's easy to keep everyone quiet, and it's really necessary for people to keep quiet since some of your guitar work is so quiet and precise it would be missed completely if people were talking. I felt that in Madison Square Garden, it was impossible to catch everything because invariably there would be someone talking. Do you like to play large concerts for reasons like this?

TOM: It depends on the house. At the Felt Forum, it's definitely part of Madison Square Garden and people are getting up and going for hotdogs and yelling to each other because it's Madison Square Garden and that's what you do there. Initially it threw me off, because I thought that everybody was there to see the Band, but then I went out to see the Band and they were doing the same thing during their performance. It's very difficult for me to work under those circumstances. I work a lot with very quiet songs where the words are very important and the mood is very important. People running around for hotdogs makes it impossible for the other 3,000 people to get into what you're doing, or the other 10,000 or however many. There are some big halls that are really nice. Place des Arts in Montreal is incredible, and Symphony Hall in Boston is good. It's not the size of the place, it's the tone of the "joint". That's the difference.

TOM RUSH

PBC: A lot of the music business today is just pure hype. I was wondering how this affects the artist when he goes in to make an album, and the finished product?

TOM: Well, the hyping is done by the business people. You can hype an act or hype a record providing there is something good in it. If it's a bad record, there is no such way. People will know it's a bad record. I had a manager once who was Mr. Hype. He had to hype everybody. He would hype you as something that you weren't. He tried to sell me as a rock and roll act to TV producers and they came in looking for a rock and roll act. That's just not what I do, so they were disappointed. Ed Sullivan introduced Sly and the Family Stone as the number one comedy act in the nation. Sly came out wearing ridiculous clothes and everybody laughed. Then he started into this really heavy music and nobody dug him because he wasn't funny.

PBC: In all six of your albums, you've worked with people like Sebastian and dubious talents like Al Kooper. Which session was the most enjoyable for you?



TOM: There was one particular session... I can't remember which album it was on. I think it was for my first Elektra album. Jack Elliot came into the studio looking for somebody and he stayed and did a cut with me and John Sebastian also played on it. Unexpected things happened and that was really nice. Recording is very interesting work, it's very exciting because you can do so many things with a studio. A recording console can be used as an instrument.

PBC: The days of the 16 track are here. A lot of people abuse it and put out things which are overproduced. You used to record on a two-track machine, I take it you like the recording process today better for what you're doing?

TOM: You can do a lot more with it. There's a lot more potential. The problem, as with any art form, is knowing when to stop. When you're using a two-track machine, it's fairly easy to know when to stop.

JZ: When you flip the reel over...

TOM: Right... When you've got sixteen tracks with graphic equalizers and all kinds of garbage in between the tape machine and the microphone it sometimes confuses the producer to the point where he'll try to use everything that's there. That's a mistake. What you leave out is much more important than what you put in. If you realize that, then the 16 track and all the garbage in between is nice to have.

PBC: In retrospect, which of the albums are you most pleased with?

TOM: The new one... the next one. Always the next one. Of the ones that are done, I think the Columbia one is far and away the best I've made.

PBC: What records, or groups, or artist would you go to see now if you had the chance?

TOM: Well, I really enjoy James Taylor's work on stage and Maury McLoughlin. Nobody really knows about him yet, but I think he's going to go the same route as James (Taylor) and Joni (Mitchell). He's very fine. I like to hear Santana and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. I like to hear anybody just about, but I haven't been able to get to a show in six months.

PBC: Are you on the road much, now?

TOM: We are doing a concert tour and Columbia is doing promotion around it. It went from Toronto to Montreal to Champagne, Urbana, then to Los Angeles, to San Francisco to Cleveland to Rhode Island... Boston... Detroit... Bridgewater, Mass... Hersey, Pennsylvania... New Rochelle, NY... Washington... Boston... Hartford.... and then, we get two weeks off.

NOTES

The good music's kept on rolling since our last round-up. Only this time, it was scattered all over town, in concerts and at a new club in Alexandria called ERO'S ARK. The ARK is a converted church, housing (in addition to the stage) a record store, unisex fashions, and a few strange people. Opening brought back Buddy Guy to Washington, along with the Edison Electric Band.

Guy is one of the acknowledged blues masters, and his Chicago sidemen are among the best in the business. As a stage performer, he has taken in and assimilated all the best motions and emotions of the good bluesmen, and his act is a frantic plunge into the nightmare emotionalism of the blues. But the blues is also a relief, because the songs keep the man one step on top. Guy's been down some long roads with less than adequate acceptance of his talents by Chess and Vanguard, which have had him on contracts for years and have never done much for him. So now Guy, who is well-known among the buffs, is beginning to establish himself through powerful personal appearances. The crowd at the ARK didn't have any trouble getting into his act. Buddy played some mighty licks on his guitar, in a very controlled type of frenzy. When you've been on the road as long as he has, you learn not to die on each gig.

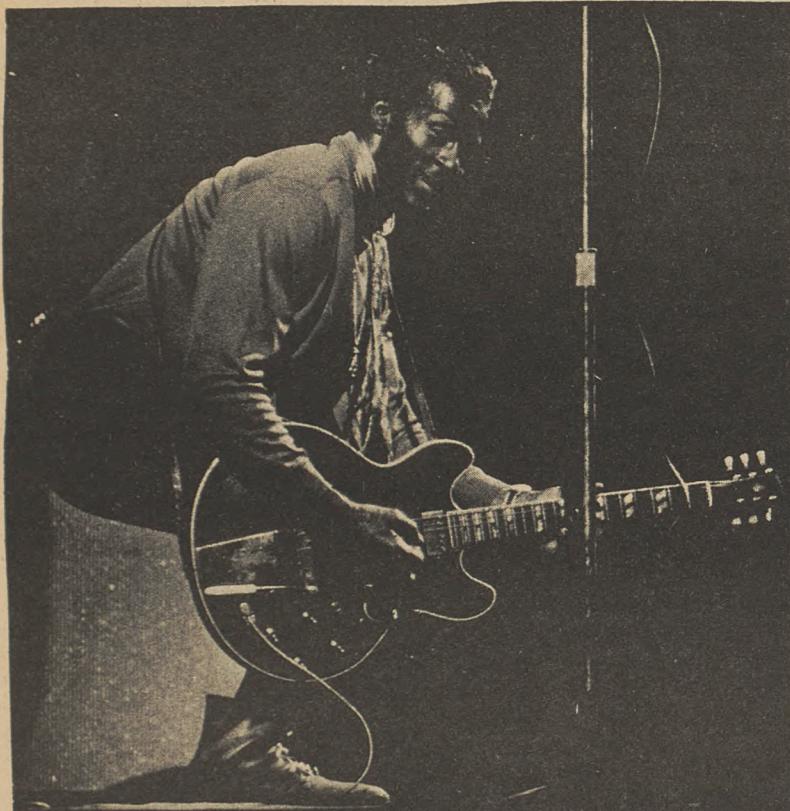
Coming in the near future are Steve Miller, Buddy Miles & Mountain.

Cold Blood was supposed to start the second week at the ARK, but got caught up in the spirit of the week-end (Rally) and ended up at the Monument grounds Friday night, doing a free concert for the crowds that were already in for the next day's demonstrations. Among other things, COLD BLOOD showed it could handle crowds better than the CDU (which is not a band!) Doing material mostly from their album, the group, featuring tiny Lydia Pense's vocals, socked it to the 40,000 or more people on the monument grounds. Also contributing their talents were Judy Collins, Phil Ochs, Fat City, Hamilton Face, and Tractor.

Earlier in the week, the new Manfred Mann group, Chapter Three, blew some heads away at GW. Those who came to hear "Do Wah Diddy" and "The Mighty Quinn" were in for some surprises, to say the least. The new Mann is a fantastic jazz-based unity, far ahead of all others in its assimilation of jazz to rock (Blood Sweat & Tears especially included, I think pretty soon BS&T will be known as the Lawrence Welk of jazz-rock.) There are no real stars in this unity, though Mike Hugg, by handling the majority of the vocals, has much attention centered on him. The strength of the group lies in its brass section, which just has to be the best around in rock. The section stands out both as a unit, and for its component soloists. The pieces were well-arranged, a mixture of order and freeform. That is, one sensed that each musician understood the position of the piece, but knew he had the freedom to blow whatever he was feeling (as opposed to what he might know to fit.) Anyways, it was a marvelous concert, a bit demanding on the audience. CRANK was also on the bill, doing a fine set, and getting the audience together. It would have been even better to have heard them on Mann's sound system, which was just this side of perfect. I can't wait to hear Bless blowing into a good mike (and word has it that new equipment is on the way...)



BUDDY GUY



CHUCK BERRY

Probably the best show to come to Washington in a while clashed with some trashing Saturday night. Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley, the root men of much of what is happening in rock, found themselves playing to a packed house (packed because the show was opened up to prevent a confrontation and to help get a lot of people off the street, and conversely out of trouble). It's been a long time since Lisner went crazy, but that's what happened Saturday night. (the 9th). Bo came out first, 42 years of energy compressed into this one crazy man. Wearing his famed jacket and hat, Bo set it down, straight and funky. The songs were ones that we all know "Bo Diddley", "Where You Been?", "I'm a Man", "Who Do You Love", he did them all. Bo is not too complicated, and he'll never be considered the greatest guitarist around. But he involves the crowd, prancing about the stage, bouncing, doing the things he's known how to do for all these years. And there wasn't much change in the crowd reaction when Chuck Berry came out. He laid his past out on the stage, also. "Maybelline", "Sweet Little Sixteen", "Johnny B. Goode", "Memphis". And the crowd really went insane. At one point the stage was packed with people, dancing like mad as Chuck stood on a chair and just kept playing and playing. It's no lie that the stage almost collapsed. Berry looked better than ever, being the first person I know with better sideburns than Mike Schreibmann, the promoter of the show, who took a bath as both this show and the Mann concert were turned into freebies to help keep things cool.

At EMERGENCY, Hamilton Face displayed a group of good individual musicians who hadn't gotten it together as a group yet. Also on the bill, and continuing into the next week, was another local band, Sageworth & Drums, who continue to show promise, particularly in their interpretations of well-known material (like "Get Together"). Ann-Marie has a fine, distinctive voice and one can only look forward to hearing more from this band. Stillroven rounded out the week, getting better and better, and doing the best job of developing a fan club of any local group. I'm beginning to hear some funny licks in their normally straightforward rendition of the "William Tell Overture". But it's still a gas to listen to. Coming in the future are The Amboy Dukes, Crank, Fairport Convention, and the Kinks.

(in the future, this column will be more inclusive of different music styles. This town offers a lot of variety, though sometimes you have to go looking for it.)

counter notes

UNHALFBRICKING A&M SP4206
LIEGE & LIEF A&M SP4257
Fairport Convention

The make-up of Fairport Convention has changed slightly since the release of these two recent albums. Sandy Denny, whose vocals ranked among the finest in contemporary music, split to form another group, "Fotheringay", leaving behind her a nucleus of fine musicians, led by Richard Thompson. Reports from England indicate that the Denny-less Convention is only slightly different, and perhaps just a bit more together and diversified in the type of music they do. UNHALFBRICKING is highlighted by three new Dylan songs (though one, "Percy's Song" can be heard in the Dylan film, "Don't Look Back", sung by Joan Baez). "Percy's Song" is one of Dylan's loveliest ballads, and Fairport gives it a tremendous treatment. The other Dylan songs are "The Million Dollar Bash" and "Si Tu Dois Partir", a translation of "If You Gotta Go". Other highlights on this album are "A Sailor's Life", a traditional song, and "Who Knows Where The Time Goes", which was written by Sandy Denny. The make-up of the group is basic British folk tradition, and it is a very pure sound.

The newest Fairport album LIEGE & LIEF is traditionally based, also, but souped up as hell. Those who remember Joan Baez's "Matty Groves" won't recognize the Fairport version, electrified and finishing off with a musical interpretation of the story. "Come All Ye" sounds trad, but was actually written by Sandy Denny and bassist Ashley Hutchings. The tone of the album is respect tempered with inventiveness. There is a swinging medley (instrumental) of some traditional ballads, and several other originals by Richard Thompson. It is a pleasant album, and an honest tribute to a fine musical tradition.

REMEDIES, Dr. John

Atlantic

I remember Dr. John's first album, not too sure whether he was for real or a fantastic put-on. Well, now a third album assures me that he's for real. His music, the crazy-cajun-based bayou-blues-rock (in other words it defies description) is honestly exciting (as opposed to Exuma). This album is just more of the same medicine from the Doctor. Side 1 includes five raucous rhythms, best of which are "Wash Mama Wash" and "Mardi Gras Day". Also on this side is "Loop Garoo" (one thing about the Doctor, he has good titles).

The second side is an extended cut titled "Angola Anthem". It runs over 18 minutes, and tends to wear less well than the shorter pieces. Still, for primitive and alive rhythms and mad movement and lyricism, Dr. John has got to be your man. The easiest thing to do in music is to fall sway to the music, and this music gets to you more quickly than most.

RUMPE LSTILTSKIN

Bell 6047 Stereo

This is the kind of album you play loud. It reminds me of more bands than I could list. Emphasis is on the bass lines and vocals. All the components of this quintet exude talent, and the album is certainly good, particularly the guitar work of Andrew Balamin and the keyboard of Jeremy Eagles. Best cuts are the title song, "Poor Billy Brown", and "Squadron Leader Johnson". The group has obviously gigged together for a while, because one can feel an empathy. Peter Greene's vocals are very strong, and work effectively because they are not drowned out, slurred or affected. The strength of the group remains however in the heavy bass lines set down by Jackson Primrose. For the most part, they are simple, but they affect the mood of each piece, and set a quality pattern. Play it loud.

CHARLIE D. AND MILO

Epic BN 26533

Another easy listener. The first side has an infectious enthusiasm, the kind one feels from a local band (as opposed to a national group). Mostly original material, except for Dylan's seldom recorded "I'll keep it with mine". Best song is a lovely original called "Ann". This group is not too polished, but it tries.

counter notes

BENEFIT, Jethro Tull
Reprise 6400

The new Jethro Tull album, BENEFIT, is the best Tull yet. It is less frantic than the previous albums, very easy to listen to, but nonetheless intense. All the songs were written by Ian Anderson and they are consistently performed in a masterful way. Martin Barre's guitar work on this album establishes him as one of rock's more competent instrumentalists.

Some people immediately dislike Tull, often as a reaction to Anderson's stage antics (which they feel are a little forced...). The only thing evident on this album is that these four cats (Clive Bunker, drums and Glenn Cornish round out the group) get it together in the studio, with no need for showmanship, only a desire for quality.

The first side is slightly better than the second. That's like saying that the left side of the apple is better than the right. Anyways, the two opening cuts, "with you there to help me" and "nothing to say" set the tone of the album. The latter cut strikes me as the best on the album, good because of its message, and length and performance - a total success. "inside" and "son", then "a time for everything" and "teacher" - Anderson comes off as a top-flight writer and arranger. One additional nice thing. You can play this album loud and it's a knockout. Or you can play it softly, and it's a pleasure. That's a volatile combination, and rarely achieved. BENEFIT does.

LIVE, Iron Butterfly ATCO SD33-318
Probably the worst Butterfly album out. An uncalled for new version of "In-a-gadda-da-vida". And an unforgivable error in recording them on a day when they were obviously off the mark. The other albums had better keep you for a while.

MELTING POT, Blue Mink
Phillips PHS 600-23

Blue Mink was supposed to prove what gritty sounds an English group could get together. Well, the music is thoroughly adequate, perfectly funky, and generally interesting. The album is graced with two very fine cuts. "Chopin' Up Stix" is an instrumental, heavily jazz-influenced (British style, late 60's), starting out with a breezy graduated flute statement, never really blowing one away, but engrossing. The other cut is also the name of the album, and is one of those songs whose melody sort of haunts you (at least the opening phrases). It's a humanitarian plea, nice message, etc. and it is the one song on this album that could make it as a single.

J. DAVID SLOAN
Starday SLP 453

Some listenable tracks on this album, like "Angelina" and "Color of the Blues". And there is "Okie from Muskogee", well done, but from an entirely different viewpoint than the Phil Ochs rendition. The rest of the songs reflect the liner notes, as far as content is concerned: "they are patriotic and they are not hung up on the things that have characterized the rock and folk movement. America's youth have rediscovered country music and they are reverting back to the strong moral qualities that made our nation great." That's in the liner notes. It's a country album all the way.

MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS/ROCK BOTTOM
The Amboy Dukes-Polydor S 24-4012

This album is a curious mixture of straight rock and electronic experiments. For instance, "Non-Conformist Wilderbeast Man" comes on like the new Small Faces. It's too short, and I'd really like to hear the Dukes develop it. On the other hand, there is "The Inexhaustible Quest for the Cosmic Cabbage", which is the most pointed mixture of the two elements mentioned previously. It was created by keyboarder Andrew Solomon and shows the diversity of the group. Leader Ted Nugent plays some good lead, while providing intense vocals. "Children of the Woods" is also a good cut, a little reminiscent of the Who and TOMMY. Maybe the only weakness of the album is that it lacks continuity, shifting its two modes too quickly.

TYRANAS AURUS REX
Blue Thumb BTS 18

The musical conceptions of Marc Bolan (the force and spirit of T.R.) are from another conceptual level, another grade of understanding. It is a world of magic and faith, for as Bolan once said "I only ever do things that are true completely. Guiltless things. This is a callous world, an unbelieving world, a very harsh world. Most anything that is tender and real is suspect." The music is very difficult to get into, for often the words are indistinguishable from the music, they mesh in non-linear fashion. There is an obvious analogy between T.R. and String Band, but it is simply attaching our labels and confinements to an essentially liberated musicality.

Bolan, aided by Mickey Finn on moroccan clay drums, tabla and finger cymbals, lays down a simple mysticism, language that stretches our imagination, and language that is lovely, as in "Pavilions of Sun" - "Swans do fly above you/all the time/Prince of Sun from his pavilion/makes you shine/come into my Garden, lady love/maybe I can hold your gold hand/glide within my gold grove lady/know the earth and you'll understand". You really need to listen to this one. But do yourself a favor and take the time to get into it.

BEST OF THE TRUCK DRIVER'S SONGS
Starday SLP 454

In a way, this album is a gas. All the songs of the road are here, truckin' songs --- "Giddy-up-Go" "Girl on the Billboard", "Truck Driver's Queen", "Diesel Smoke, Dangerous Curve", and eight more. Some are sung, some are rapped. Maybe it's an esoteric collection, but stoned it can be... something else.

DEEP PURPLE/THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA Warner Brothers S 1860

For me this album is very exciting. Bach and Beethoven can rest easy, because Jon Lord is not going to make us totally forget them. But this fusion of rock and classical forms is quite well brought off. The three movements echo the musical sentiments most easily felt. There are numerous confrontations between Deep Purple (The Group) and the Orchestra. They alternately replace each other, eventually working out a sympathetic unity. I think I appreciate the work done by the Philharmonic more than that of Deep Purple, because it is more fluid and technical, less raucous. The Group interludes tend to sound too much alike, whereas the Orchestra has some stunning clarinet, flute and string work. The entire album is very exciting to listen to and is sure to turn more than a few hard rock fans on to the classical scene. And vice versa. Anyway, it was never meant as a musical revolution, but only as a fun experience, so its few shortcomings are easily tossed aside. As I said (for the 3d time?), its a very exciting album.

Charing Cross

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YOU CAN HAVE EGGS BENEDICT AND WOODPECKER CIDER WHEN YOU GET UP NEXT SUNDAY MORNING, OR ANY MORNING FOR THAT MATTER.

WE'RE OPEN EVERYDAY FROM NOON UNTIL TWO A.M. AND WE'RE THE SMALLEST BAR IN GEORGETOWN. THINK ABOUT IT.

ON M ST. ACROSS FROM THE CERBERUS.

EA RTH

RECYCLING THE POLLUTED AESTHETIC
By Charlene James

Several weeks ago, Gyorgy Kepes had to remind an august gathering of scholars at the National Collection, "My friends, I am not making a fancy joke, I am giving you images, images for your life."

With this well-ripened simplicity, Kepes proved he understood the plagues of today's society. The Director of the Center for Advanced Visual Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology spoke of the artist but implied the young and alive. He tried to build a sense of reassurance that man may still find peace and contentment in a chaotic world.

Every comment of his lectures, "The Hopes and Fears of American Art" and "Personal versus Civic Art", delivered at the Catholic University of America, echoed with a challenge: Do we have vision? Can we be honest people who see how they have to see?

Using slides of contemporary art (red paint graphs in snow and blinking emergency light gardens) the listeners shared the attempts of environmental artists in a participation process---their attempts to alter the chaos of technological environments.

Kepes philosophized about man in desperation, the fear and loneliness of a life we cannot live. He suggested that in order to build a stronger self, we must demand that our ecology allow us more humaneness. Granted, a lighted city may be viewed as a symphony of human acts but the orchestration must be planned. The structure is set by architects, engineers and social scientists, all artists in their crafts. They must champion the opinion that art, especially environmental art only makes sense when rooted in a human reality.

Kepes explored the current, basic human conflict of chaos; chaos of the environment, of the communal life and of the inner potential. It demands new artistic personnel. Today the artist is not the painter, sculptor, print maker, dancer, actor, or musician. He is the man who senses the balance and completeness possible in life.

Kepes is no longer here, and Explorations, now at the National Collection, is scheduled to close within a few weeks. Will the new aesthetic he has suggested leave with the exhibit? Is it possible to find beauty in our environment?

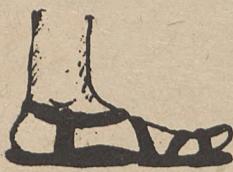
We have been stripped of nature's wonders and bombarded by the culturally accepted symbols of beauty--monuments, planned landscapes, contrived free forms in local galleries. We discount the old, polluted and ordinary for it is unrelated to our sanctified art.

Perhaps at present our only salvation is in concrete events of a polluted world: Colonel Sanders' obvious tan, white dogwood blowing in a cemetery, bicycle tires hanging on spindled, leafless trees, blue eyes on Blacks, drunks with puppy dogs in their pockets, turrets on shanty row houses, painted bas relief on lifeless buildings, Sunday morning church goers on R street, brick sidewalks, sodium vapor street lamps, symmetry in the tulip fields.

This is free, public art; a source for the abstractions suggested by Kepes and Explorations and source for a new aesthetic evolved from a less than pure world.

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GALLERY

Bob Newmann's Arrow Series at the Pyramid Galleries, 2121 P St. NW, pinpoints one of the latest artistic developments in the Washington Color School. Still maintaining the use of the strict convention of interlocking arrows which he exhibited when his work was shown at the Corcoran Gallery in 1968, Newmann proclaims resoundingly the freedom and variation that is and should be the earmark of a creative, thinking, advanced artist.

There are seven Newmann paintings at the Pyramid. Each is a square with four arrow-shape forms, one in each quadrant of the surface of the painting, all going in the same direction, with an arrow in the center, pointing the opposite way. The "central" arrow is actually formed by the configuration of the other four. The arrows are in single, tight patterns which don't vary from painting to painting. All the vertical lines in the series are parallel to each other, as are the horizontals, and the diagonals. The constraints and seemingly inordinate discipline, however, of this system do not give the viewer a harsh or glaring or oppressive feeling, for the very tightness of the method allows for infinite variation in mood.

Newmann limits his colors to muted tones of an almost brown maroon, deep forest green, a combination of these two together, and a surprisingly vibrant deep sky blue. These are not the sweet colors of the early years of the Washington Color School, but heavy muted, full, rich embodiments of elemental tones. Within the strictly delineated, sometimes raised edges of the arrow pattern, these colors are applied with a uniform, monotonous stroke, so as to appear almost machine made. Yet the combinations of the flat, matte tones, change each painting, make each one hard to grasp, elusive and ambiguous.

Each element of the paintings, the color, the lines, the arrow forms that they produce strike the eye forcefully at different intervals. The grid of lines becomes all important for a while, the depth and the warmth of the colors penetrate into our sensibilities, the flat areas of color in each section of the painting play and give with each other, and any consciousness of arrows gives way to an excitement at the relationship of rectangles, and triangles and other shapes. Then the arrows come into focus again, flat forms and three dimensional blocks. The paintings never let us go, their ambivalence and chimeric quality keep us wondering and hypothesizing.

Yet, they make us quite silent too. The forceful lines of the composition balance and counteract each other to produce a benign, movementless painting. The environment of the gallery with seven of Newmann's pointings in the same room is amazingly serene. Arrows usually point us somewhere, indicate a direction in which to move, or in which to look. Here the arrows are encased, caught, blocked out. Perhaps this is one of the reasons we have to go into the third dimension---all movement to the top, bottom, or sides of the paintings has been thwarted. Depth and perspective, vision and unreality are the only alternatives left to us by Newmann.

We are full of conflicting ideas, emotions and moods with Newmann. The Arrow Series seems simple at first, yet once we get into the paintings and they into us, nothing is an absolute, all things merge, all conflicts become one loud assertion of freedom, choice and possibility.

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ok
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(including Jean Francois Bory
richard Kostelanetz eugene Wildman
many avant-garde Young writers)

An opening of THE MIND leaving linear traditional prose where it belongs -- one specific (and Overworked) medium

AND LOOK FOR THE NEW WAYS

Exp. in prose -- new Mantras of language
structure and CONSCIOUSNESS
Bruce Kaplan -- "Talking" -- tape recordings transposed, edited
from Chicago Convention presents very real
that is REAL account of on the spot
raps

OK

Charles Doria -- "Zeus" -- new consciousness of reading
by parts of a graphic poem (?) written from right to left,
reverse eye procedure and

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN POETRY AND PROSE?
(in the new awareness -- language is language, the old lines
of tradition are broken and in confusion

) jochen Gerz -- "WHITE" & "FOOTING" -- eugene Wildman --
"fragments of eugenIe" -- fold out posters in what

has become the traditional name for "CONCRETE POEMS" but again
this is prose because that is what the creator has chosen, the
graphics of a thought, the picture of a feeling drawn in words,
skipping over the channels of pot characters development and
piercing straight to inner

thought
process

AND BUCYRUS

AH BUCYRUS by John Matthias
standard graphics, starting with a seemin plot traditional
structures. Before the mind (reader) has time to beware
and change perspective, the style has carried him away into
new lands of language construction, into the reality of
surrealistic hard core human consciousness.

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alain arias-misson -- "the family" --

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Experiments in prose
a review by craigwatson

One of the major hassles facing rock fans in the nation today is the problem of whether or not an act will show the night they're scheduled to play.

Washington promoters have been dealing with this difficulty for many months now, and it appears to be a national, not just a local problem.

But CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG will be at the Baltimore Civic Center, Saturday night, May 30, at 8:00PM. Late last week, it was announced their tour had cancelled.

Nils Lofgren of the GRIN, who was in Los Angeles a week ago, claims that there is a chance that C, S, N & Y may no longer be a reality after this Eastern tour.

The irony is that "Deja Vu", their latest album, already has sold 2 and half-or-more million copies.

Dick Klotzman, the Executive Vice President of Premier Attractions spent all of Tuesday on the telephone this week getting assurances that C, S, N & Y would show that Saturday night.

Greg Reeves, the bass player is no longer playing with them. He's been replaced by a friend of Steve Stills from England, talented in his own right, but new to the group.

When the group appears, it will not be for a quick pop and out, but will be for two and a half hours of solid music. Should be quite a show.

new theater, surpass living theater, YOU you are the theater, it is YOUR condition, no more mink and furs nice evening at the theater this is turmoil this is an eye looking at an eye staring at an eye penetrating an eye

so we must go on.....
(the layout of the Anthology is well done,
not necessarily experimental, but NEW--

possibly though it would have been beneficial
(as done in many other anthologies) to include brief
biographies and notes on each work by their respective
authors. Some have written
prefaces, others just leave the reader hanging
in the created experience without giving any thoughts
on the basis or the direction of the creation

BUT we must Finish the FEELING
) 26 EXPERIMENTS 26 MANTRAS INTO THE FUTURE
OF LANGUAGE OF MIND and experience we call life) ()
this is the experience of literature this is the excitement
of new knowledge THERE IS SOME HOPE IN THIS
maze of meaningless language surrounding us
(pause)

LET US HOPE TO LIVE
WITH OUR WORDS NOW
AS IT MUST HAVE BEEN
for those who first spoke
and wrote

IT IS ALL WE HAVE (nearly)
to tell
WHAT HAPPENS INSIDE

WITH THE MASSES ON THE OUTSIDE
(end of pause)

James Joyce Henry Miller Kenneth Patchen
your attempts are not in vain
some have carried on and are TRYING
and some of the some are collected in Experiments in prose
(maybe because of it there will be more to come

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SURREALISM- PERMANENT REVELATION---

What is it, when did it start, when did it end? As to the "what", this new survey by Roger Cardinal and Robert Stuart Short takes pains to present the meanings and correlations of the movement as directly and concisely as possible. The expanse of such a brief look at a subject is highly laudable. The authors miss nothing and consequently one can use this book as a jump off point to all the influences of Surrealism. It is made clear that Surrealism did not start-- it always was. When did it end? It didn't, any more than Dada ended. Surrealism is alive now as it was a thousand years ago and the authors trace it in art through the sixties. This extremely well illustrated paperback presents reproductions of works rarely or never prior published, black & white, and color. Published by Dutton, at \$2.45, in 165 pages.

MODERN PRINTS --- A print-lithograph, engraving, woodcut, embossing - unfortunately gets far less attention than it deserves. Overshadowed by sculpture and painting, one thinks of an etching as something produced only hundreds of years ago. Pat Gilmour here shows how important the contemporary print is, and how it is an artform of great possibility and reward. Bravely, many lesser known artists are reproduced here, in addition to the already well established artists such as Lichtenstein, Dine, Rauschenberg, Johns, Chagall and Soulages. Gilmour goes back a bit to bring the reader up to date, and picks up Lautrec, Munch, Picasso, Gauguin, Matisse, and Roualt. Published by Dutton, in paperback, at \$2.45 in 170 pages.

WORLD OF HIRSHFELD - One of America's best known cartoonists presents himself in this collection of past drawings. Hirshfeld's style is easily recognized, and so is his easy flowing line and satire. Lloyd Goodrich wrote the introduction and Hirshfeld supplies his own notes and illustrations. Published by Abrams in 300 pages, at \$25.00.

GERMAN ARCHITECTURE 1960-1970 -- Wolfgang Pehnt has written a fine book on the products of contemporary German Architects. The book covers new buildings of a multitude of purposes, styles and materials, and although no new Meiss has appeared, there is evidence of serious men doing very serious and attractive work. It seems that many American eyes could learn much about aesthetics, and the relationships of the old to the new, from some of the Germans. If one cannot make a trip to Germany, Mr. Pehnts' book would still be a good start. Mr. Pehnts' book would still be a good start of a rewarding study. This German-English edition is published by Praeger at \$20.00 in 225 well illustrated pages.

EUROPEAN SCULPTURE - BERNINI TO RODIN -- This Dutton art paperback in the series does not rise above being a good survey, as did the two aforementioned. Nevertheless, it is available as a respectable analysis, comprehensive, well-illustrated, and inexpensive. 160 pages, at 195, written by David Bindman.

STORIES FROM THE TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW ---

More and more as novels become less pertinent, short stories become more. Publisher Holt Rinehart Winston offers here an anthology of works by fine authors, including Alan Sillitoe, John Updike, Joyce Carlo Oates, John McPhee, and William Goldman. In 300 pages at \$8.95.

RISE OF AN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE -----

the New York Metropoliton Museum of Art's exhibit on American Architecture gave the impetus for the publication of the four essays that comprise the bulk of this book. The impressive names of the writers of the forward and the contributions give assurance that the volume is well documented historically. More or less, the essays cover our architecture up to Wright relatively completely, although the pieces are not designed to be chronologically complete. Published by Praeger in 230 pages, at \$10.00. Essays by Henry -Russel Hitchcock, Albert Fein, Winston Weisman and Vincent Scully.

LONDON 2000 - In 1963 Peter Hall's book was published in England. It is unfortunate that it has not appeared in this country sooner. Mr. Hall, author of "The World Cities" which is also highly recommended, makes a detailed study of the needs of sprawling metropolis thirty years from now. He analyzes residential, transportation and employment forecasts and gives good personal and general philosophy on the idea of a city, and this particular city. Also published by Praeger and illustrated, at \$10.50, in 280 pages.

MODERN BALLET - Author John Pucival discusses new methods, outlooks and new people, emerging from one of the most less understood, but probing of the arts. Graham and Cunningham are included, among others. Dutton paperback at \$1.95, in 160 illustrated pages.

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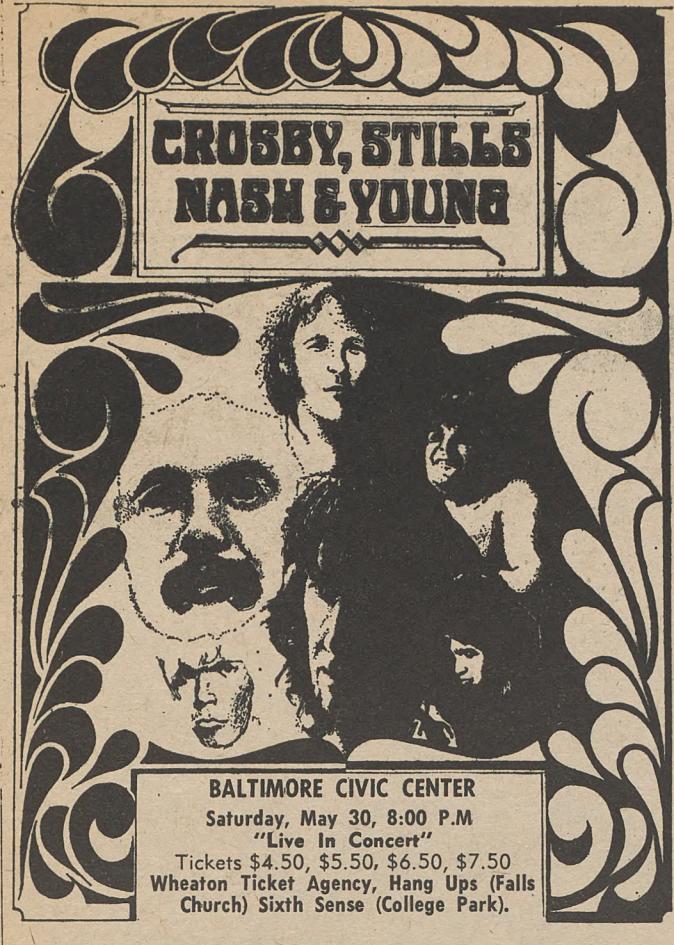
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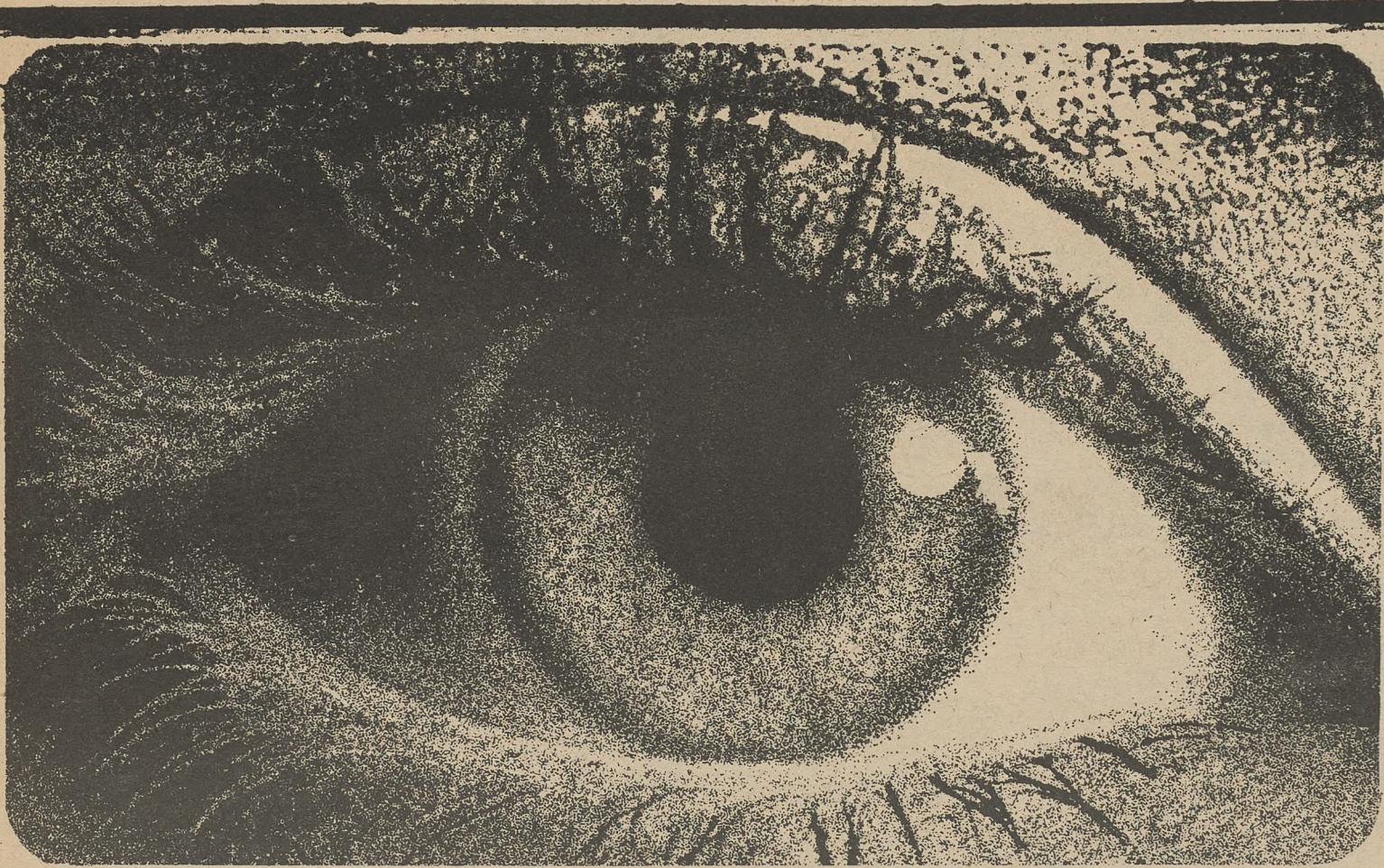
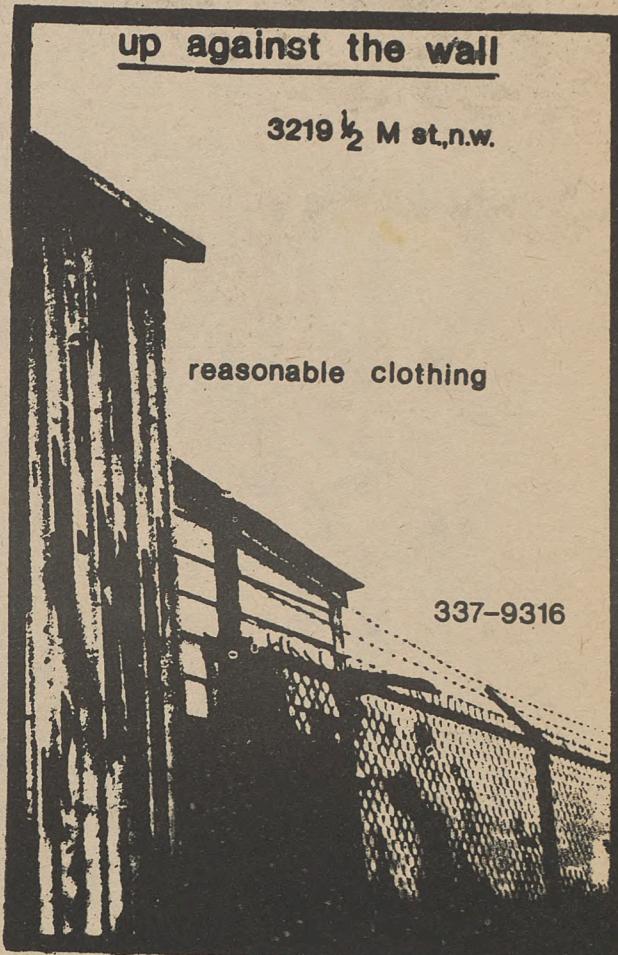
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